

EPICORNE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

A

COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1609. By the
King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

*Ut sis tu similis Cæli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci: Cur metuas me?*
Horat.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knaplock, D. Midwinter and A. Ward, A. Betesworth and C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys, J. Osborn and T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton, and B. Motte: And sold by W. Feales, at Rowe's Head, over-against Clement's-Inn Gate. 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Morose, *a Gentleman that loves not Noise.*
Daup Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
Clerimont, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
True-wit, *another Friend.*
Epicœne, *A young Gentlewoman, suppos'd the Silent Woman.*
Joh. Daw, *A Knight, her Servant.*
Amorous La-Fool, *A Knight also.*
Thom. Ottor, *A Land and Sea-Captain.*
Cutberd, *a Barber.*
Mute, *One of Morose his Servants.*
Mad. Haughty, }
Mad. Centaure, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Mavis, }
Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady Haughties Woman.*
Mrs. Otter, *the Captain's Wife.*
Pretenders.

PERSONS.

PAGES.

SERVANTS.

The SCENE, LONDON.

The Principal COMOEDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.
GIL CARIE.
HUG. ATTAWEL.
JOHN SMITH.

WILL. BARKSTED.
WILL. PEN.
RICH. ALLIN.
JOH. BLANEY.

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EPIC OE NE: OR, THE SILENT WOMAN.

PROLOGUE.

T Ruth says, of Old, the Art of making Plays,
Was to content the People; and their Praise
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular Likings care,
And will Taste nothing that is Popular.
With such we mingle neither Brains nor Breasts;
Our Wishes, like to those make Publick Feasts,
Are not to please the Cooks Taste, but the Guests.
Yet, if those cunning Palates hither come
They shall find Guests Entreaty, and good Rooms;
And though all Relish not, sure there will be some,
That, when they leave their Seats, shall make 'em say,
Who wrote that Piece, could so have wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or want to Bread, and Salt, were but course Art.

*The Poet prays you then, with better Thought
 To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
 Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,
 Be fit for Ladies: Some for Lords, Knights, 'Squires;
 Some for your Waiting-Wench, and City Wires;
 Some for your Men, and Daughters of White-Friers.
 Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
 Here, that his Feast will last; but you shall eat
 A Week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
 If his Muse be true,
 Who commends her to you.*

A N O T H E R.

*The Ends of all, who for the Scene do Write,
 Are, or should be, to Profit and Delight.
 And still't hath been the Praise of all best Times,
 So Persons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
 Then, in this Play, which we present to Night,
 And make the Object of your Ear and Sight,
 On forfeit of your selves, think nothing True:
 Lest so you make the Maker to judge you;
 For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd
 By writing Truths, but Things (like Truths) well sain'd,
 If any, yet will (with particular Slight
 Of Application) wrest what he doth write;
 And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
 They make a Libel, which he made a Play.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect, I ga' you, Boy?
[He comes out making himself ready.]

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, Sir; but i' faith let no Body else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy.

The SILENT WOMAN.

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Boy. It will get you the dangerous Name of a Poet in Town, Sir: besides, me a perfect deal of Ill-will at the Mansion you wot of, whose Lady is the Argument of it, where now I am the welcomest Thing under a Man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a Man too, if the Truth were Rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confess before, Sir. The Gentlemen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and carry me in to my Lady, and she Kisses me with her Oil'd Face; and puts a Perruke o' my Head; and asks me an' I will wear her Gown? And I say, No: And then she hits me a Blow o' the Ear, and calls me Innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel, if the Door be kept shut against your Master, when the Entrance is so easie to you—well, Sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your Voice in my Lady's Rushes, a Fortnight hence. Sing, Sir.

[*Boy Sings.*]

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away his Time, and never feels it! What between his Mistress Abroad, and his Engle at Home, high Fare, soft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hours ha' no Wings, or the Day no Post-horse. Well, Sir Gallant, were you struck with the Plague this Minute, or condemn'd to any capital Punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your Time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why, what should a Man do?

Tru. Why, Nothing: Or, that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horse-Race, or Hunting-Match; Lay Wagers, Praise Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; Swear upon White-mains Party; speak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; Visit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Better o' the Green. These be the Things, wherein your fashionable Men Exercise themselves, and I for Company.

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 To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
 Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-bought,
 Be fit for Ladies: Some for Lords, Knights, 'Squires;
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Cler. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are Considerations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moist Eyes, and shrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll Pray and Fast.

Tru. I, and destine only that time of Age to Goodness, which our want of Ability will not let us employ in Evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes, as if a Man should Sleep all the Term, and think to effect his Business the last Day: O, *Clerimont*, this time, because it is an incorporeal Thing, and not subject to Sense, we mock our selves the finest out of it, with Vanity and Misery indeed: Not seeking an end of Wretchedness, but only changing the Matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave no——

Tru. See but our common Disease! with what Justice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our Affairs such Dispatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our selves: Not Hear, nor Regard our selves.

Cler. Foh, thou hast read *Plutarch's* Morals, now, or some such tedious Fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill spoil thy Wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Rushes, and such Things: And leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'st Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to loose as little of my Kindness, as I can. I'll do Good to no Man against his Will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cler. What College?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from Court Yesterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the News? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town, of Ladies, that call themselves the Collegiates, an order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Husbands; and give Entertainment to all the

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The SILENT WOMAN.

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Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em :
Cry down, or up, what they like, or dislike in a Brain
or a Fashion, with most *Masculine*, or rather *Herma-
phroditical* Authority; and every Day gain to their
Colledge some new Probationer.

Cler. Who is the President?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady
Haughty.

Cler. A Pox of her autumnal Face, her piec'd Beau-
ty: There's no Man can be admitted till she be ready,
now-a-days, till she has Painted, and Perfum'd, and
Washt, and Scour'd, but the Boy here; and him she
wipes her Oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have
made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the Subject.

S O N G.

*Still to be Neat, still to be Drest,
As you were going to a Feast;
Still to be Powder'd, still Perfum'd :
Lady, it is to be Presum'd,
Though Arts bid Causes are not found,
All is not Sweet, all is not Sound.*

*Give me a Look, give me a Face,
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes loosely Flowing, Hair as Free :
Such sweet Neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' Adulteries of Art;
They strike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.*

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love a
good Dressing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a
Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one
kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often
counsel of her Glass, and chuse the best. If she have
good Ears, shew 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good
Legs, wear short Clothes: a good Hand, discover it
often; practise any Art to mend Breath, cleanse Teeth,
repair Eye-brows, Paint, and Profess it.

Cler. How? Publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: That must be private. Many things, that seem foul i' the doing, do please, done. A Lady should, indeed, study her Face, when we think she Sleeps; Nor when the Doors are shut, should Men be inquiring; all is Sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their Perrukes put on, their false Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you see Guilders will not work, but inclos'd. They must not discover, how little serves, with the help of Art, to Adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Aldgate*? Were the People suffer'd to see the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were Painted and Burnish'd? No: No more should Servants approach their Mistresses but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my *True-wit*.

Tru. And a wise Lady will keep a Guard always upon the Place, that she may do things Securely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her Perruke, to cover her Baldness: And put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O Prodigie!

Tru. And the unconscionable Knave held her in Compliment an Hour with that reverst Face, when I still look'd when she should Talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why? Thou shouldst ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this Argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you *Dauphine Eugene*?

Cler. Not these three Days. Shall we go to him this Morning? He is very Melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? Is he? I met that stiff Piece of Formality, his Uncle, yesterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cler. O, that's his Custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no Noise, Man.

Tru.

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Tru. So I have heard. But is the Disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fish-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: Marry, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the Broom-men: They stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a Costard-monger, he Swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any Hammer-man. A Brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the Parish, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterer's 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tuesdays* Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the rest were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his Senses. The Waights of the City have a Pension of him not to come near that Ward. This Youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bell-man; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: And there left him flourishing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? He hath chosen a Street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of these common Noises: And therefore, we that love him, devise to bring him such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to Breathe him. He would grow Resty else in his Ease: His Vertue would Rust without Action. I intreated a Bareward, one Day to come down with the Dogs of some four Parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under Master *Morose's* Window: Till he was sent crying away, with his Head made a most bleeding Spectacle to the Multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum most Tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good Wag. How does for he the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on

Holy-day Eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a Room, with double Walls, and treble Cielings; the Windows close shut and chalk'd: and there he lives by Candlelight. He turn'd away a Man, last Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers soald with Wool: and they talk to each other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Dau. How now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almost, I am here, with Tales o' thine Uncle! There was never such a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would oncelose this Subject, my Masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will disinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that Purpose deserves it: it gives the Law of plagueing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronation Day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the Ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Sister's Son?

Dau. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why, thou art a Stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb
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Woman; be she of any Form, or any Quality, so she be able to bear Children: her silence is Dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly soft spoken; thrifty of her Speech; that spends but six Words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who is his Agent i' the business?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honest Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppress me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noise!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: and that Continency in a Barber he thinks so eminent a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Counsel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be seen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pry thee, *Dauphine*, let's go thither!

Dau. I have some Business now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least so much as shall interrupt the Treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that Plea against me, that I oppos'd the least Phant'sie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when some Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himself cannot. Innocent. I pry thee, *Ned*, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cle. Why right over against the Barbers; in the House where *Sir John Daw* lies.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cle.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw!* And he teach her not to speak, God b'w' you. I have some Business too.

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the Danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say, he is a very good Scholar.

Tru. I, and he says it first. A pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing else of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the World should so conspire to belye him.

Cle. Good Faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b'w' you Gentleman.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

Dauphine, Cleremont, Boy.

Dau. Come, you are a strange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wits* a very honest Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are mistaken, *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not; *Ned*, but, with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone,

if

The SILENT-WOMAN.

if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Last Night : and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out; *Boccate* never thought of the like, *Dau* does nothing but court her : and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praises her modesty ; desires that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in Verses ; which he reads, and swears, are the best that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutines why he is not made a Counsellor, and call'd to Affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, Boy.

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole*.

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too; if ere he saw you but once, tho' you should meet him at Church in the midst of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, tho' he be none-o' the *Wits*. He will Salute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Bishop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when she is dancing in a Masque, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Guests to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpose : or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China Houses*, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Presents, some two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a Spare-banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent ! He was a fine Youth last Night, but now he is much finer ! what is his Christen Name ? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau.

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Guests; and, the whole course of his Fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Cleremont, Dauphine.

Dau. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Master *Cleremont*.

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honested my Lodging, with your Presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almost, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not so, Sir.

La-F. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever see me carry Dishes?

La-F. No, Sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulness o' your Phrase, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extreemly against my Will, Sir, if I contested with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feast?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. *Tom Otters*? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gamester, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-Woman, that the Courtiers visited so often; that gave he rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

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Cle. Then, she is Captain *Otter*.

La-F. You say very well, Sir; she is my Kinwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-side, and will invite, any great Ladies, for my sake.

Dan. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Essex*?

La-F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our House, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the West, the *La-Fooles* of the East and South — we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe* — but I my self am descended lineally of the *French La-Fooles* — and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or; Or, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers Nobility of our House — but let that go, antiquity is not respected now — I had a Brace of fat Does sent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheasants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and some other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company — there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Mistris *Del Mavis* — and they come a' purpose, to see the silent Gentlewoman, Mistris *Epicoene*, that honest Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither — and then, Mistris *Trusty*, my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your self Master *Clerimont* — and we'll be very merry, and have Fiddlers, and dance — I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have spent some Crowns since I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Ladies Gentleman Usher, who got me Knighted in *Ireland*, since it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye — I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Island-Voyage, or at *Cadix*, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, shew'd my self to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Countrey, and survey'd my Lands, let new Leases, took their Money, spent it in the Eye o' the Land here,

Dau. Like enough: pr'y thee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Guests; and, the whole course of his Fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Cleremont, Dauphine.

Dau. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Master *Cle. mont*.

Cle. Sir *Amorous*! you have very much honested my Lodging, with your Presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almost, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not so, Sir.

La-F. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever see me carry Dishes?

La-F. No, Sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulness o' your Phrase, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extreamly against my Will, Sir, if I contested with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feast?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. *Tom Otters*? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gamester, but he has had command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-Woman, that the Courtiers visited so often; that gave her rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle.

Cle. Then, she is Captain *Otter*.

La-F. You say very well, Sir; she is my Kinswoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-side, and will invite, any great Ladies, for my sake.

Daw. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Essex*?

La-F. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our House, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the West, the *La-Fooles* of the East and South — we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe* — but I my self am descended lineally of the *French La-Fooles* — and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or; Or, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers Nobility of our House — but let that go, antiquity is not respected now — I had a Brace of fat Does sent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheasants, a dozen or two of Godwits, and some other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company — there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Mistris *Del Mavis* — and they come a' purpose, to see the silent Gentlewoman, Mistris *Epicæne*, that honest Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither — and then, Mistris *Trusty*, my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your self Master *Clerimont* — and we'll be very merry, and have Fiddlers, and dance — I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have spent some Crowns since I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Ladies Gentleman Usher, who got me Knighted in *Ireland*, since it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye — I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Island-Voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, shew'd my self to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Countrey, and survey'd my Lands, let new Leases, took their Money, spent it in the Eye o' the Land here,

16 E P I C O E N E: Or,

here, upon Ladies —— and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that Commodity.

Cle. No, Sir, excuse me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Guest, or two, to invite, and say as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—
Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*, but she shall, that your Ladies come to see: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear such a Wind-sucker, as this?

Dau. Or such a Rook as the other! that will betray his Master to be seen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Morose, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to save my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: all Discourses but my own afflict me, they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksom. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? speak not tho'

*At the breaches
still the Fellow
makes Legs or
Signs.*

I question you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street Door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise
(——) very good. And, you have fastened on a thick Quilt, or Flock-bed, on the outside of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no noise? but with
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your Leg, you answer, unless it be otherwise (—) very good. This is not only fit modesty in a Servant, but good state and discretion in a Master. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (—) good. And, he will come presently? answer me not with your Leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your Head, or shrug. (—) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wise in these! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? stay, if an hour hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (—) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I see, by much Doctrine, and Impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; still waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands so executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with silence: an exquisite Art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Christendom*, should suffer a Barbarian, to transcend 'em in so high a Point of Felicity. I will practise it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divil can this be?

[*One winds a Horn without again.*]

Mut. It is a Post from the Court —

Mor. Out Rogue, and must thou blow thy Horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Post from the Court, Sir, that says, he must speak you, pain of Death —

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be silent.

SCENE

S C E N E. II.

True-wit, Morose, Cutberd.

By your leave, Sir, I am a stranger here: Is your Name Master *Morose*? is your Name Master *Morose*? Fishes! *Pythagoreans* all? This is strange. What say you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well, Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court Commend 'em to you, Sir —

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! Was there ever such an Impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely solicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whose Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword —

Tru. You shall taste the one half of my Dagger, if you do (Groom) and you the other, if you stir, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Insurrection. They say, you are to Marry? To Marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder', Sir, the *Thames* being so near, wherein you may drown, so handsomly; or *London-Bridge*, at a low Fall, with a fine Leap to hurry you down the Stream; or such a delicate Steeple in the Town, as *Bow*, to Vault from; or, a braver height, as *Pauls*; or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter-way, an excellent

He shews him a Halter. Garret-window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the said Garret, with this

Halter, which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your Grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Noose, or, take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one said) with a Straw i' your Arse: Any way, rather than to follow this goblin *Matrimony*. Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaste Wife, in these

these times? Now? When there are so many Masques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other strange Sightings to be seen, daily private and publick? if you had liv'd in King *Ethelred's* time, Sir, or *Edward the Confessor's*, you might, perhaps, have found in some cold Country Hamlet, then, a dull frosty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Possessions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? beg'd a Reversion from 'em? bastarded their Issue? what have I done, that may deserve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an assassinate upon your Father? vitiated your Mother: ravished your Sisters —

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to do that you do —

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your Friends are careful after your Souls Health, Sir, and would have you know the Danger (but you may do your Pleasure for all them; I persuade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his skill at his Weapon; why it is not their Fault, they have discharged their Consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, Sir, for I must tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no Sweet-meats ever drew more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roses in the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll
be

be with them, and buy those Doublets and Roses, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; she'll raige in your House, as imperious as a Widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; she must have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurses, her Lodgings every hour: though it be for the dearest Morsel of Man. If learned, there was never such a Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for the Guests that must be invited, to hear her speak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you must lye with her in those Languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenc'd Brethren, once in three days; salute the Sisters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long winded Exercises, Singings and Catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, Sir, But this is not half i' faith: you may do your pleasure notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to perswade you: Upon my faith, Master Serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is stealing away.*]

Mor. O, what is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather dote on her, Sir: O, how she'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your Torments! You shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it must be for that Jewel, or that Pearl when she does; every half hours Pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what Servants she please; What Company she will; that Friend must not visit you without her License; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your Jealousie; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or Cousin at the College, that can instruct her in all the Mysteries of writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies; where

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where she must have that rich Gown for such a great Day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with a Succession of Grooms, Footmen, Ushers, and other Messengers; besides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tire-women, Semsters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while she feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foresees the Change, when the Mercer your Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Pride costs, Sir: so she may kiss a Page, or a smooth Chin, that has the despair of a Beard; be a Stateswoman, know all the News, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what a Court, what in Progress; or, so she may censure *Poets*, and Authors, and Stiles, and compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnson* with the other Youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in Controversies, or the very Knots of Divinity; and have often in her Mouth, the state of the Question: and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonstration and Answer, in Religion to one; in State to another; in Baud'ry to a Third.

Mor. O, O!

Tra. All this is very true Sir. And then her going in disguise to that Conjurer, and this cunning Woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall dy? next, [if her present Servant love her? next, that if she shall have a new Servant? and how many? which of her Family would make the best Baud, Male or Female? what precedence she shall have by her next Match? and sets down the Answers, and believes 'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your Pleasure o' me? I'll think of these things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Vapour and Sweat, with going a Foot, and lies in a Mouth of a new Face, and Oyl, and Birdlime; and rises in Asses Milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry,
may

may have made a Conveyance of her Virginity afore-hand, as your wise Widows do of their States, before they marry, in trust to some Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if she have not done it yet, she may do, up on the Wedding-day, or the Night before, and anticipate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my Chamber: but first shut the Door. O, shut the Door: Is he come again?

The Horn again.

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*! here has been a Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed and give me Physick with thy Counsel.

S C E N E III.

Daw, Cleriment, Dauphine, Epicœne.

Daw. Nay, an' she will, let her refuse at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like Feasts or Guests every day.

They dis- *Cle.* O, by no means, she may not re-
swade her fuse — to stay at home, if you love your
privately. Reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thi-
ther o' purpose to be seen, and laught at
by the Lady of the College, and her Sha-
dows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Daw. You shall not go; let him be laught at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to satisfy the Company.

Cle. He will suspect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Mistress *Epicœne*, let's see your Verses, we have Sir *John Daw*'s leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daw

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, Mistris, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my self, too: an Author must recite his own Works. It is a *madrigal* of Modesty.

*Modest, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere.*—

Dau. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. No noble vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir John.

Dau. It has something in't like rare Wit and Sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. No noble Vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.

*Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modestee,
I have prais'd thee.*

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys think i' the close, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca*.

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch*.

Daw. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder those Fellows have such credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Asses! meer *Essayists*! a few loose Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk so, his whole Age; I do utter as good things every Hour, they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Dau. Indeed Sir John?

Cle. He must needs, living among the *Wits* and *Braveries* too.

Dau.

Daw. I, and bring President of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Aristotle*, a meer Common-place Fellow; *Plato*, a discourser; *Thucydides*, and *Livie*, tedious and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cle. What do you think of the Poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Ass, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of Dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think so.

Daw. And so *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Caullus*, *Seneca* the Tragædian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Ausonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the rest —

Cle. What a Sack full of their names he has got!

Daw. And how he pours 'em out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus*!

Cle. Was not the Character right 'of him?

Daw. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And *Persius*, a crabbed Cockscorn, not to be endur'd.

Daw. Why? whom do you account for Authors? Sir John Daw?

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of Spain's Bible.

Daw. Is the King of Spain's Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Daw. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daw. Sure, *Corpus* was a Dutch man,

Cle. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius Symancha*; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a Scholler.

Daw. 'Fore God, you have a simple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Counsellor!

Daw. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to say truth, the State wants such.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muse a Mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Dau. In Verse, Sir John?

Cle. What else?

Dau. Why? how can you justify your own being of a Poet, that so slight all the old Poets?

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verse, is not a Poet, you have of the Wits that write Verses; and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verses, Sir John?

Cle. No, 'twere pity he should. A Knight live by his Verses! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble Sidney lives by his, and the Noble Family not asham'd:

Cle. I, he profess himself; but Sir John Daw has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own rising i' the State so much! Do you think he will? Your Verses, good Sir John, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man;
Deny't who can.*

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reason, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,
That Female Vice should be a Vertue Male,
Or Masculine Vice a Female Vertue be:*

*You shall it see
Prov'd with increase;
I know to speak, and she to hold her Peace.*

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increase, Sir John?

Dau. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the Common Cause of Mankind, and she says nothing but *consentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

26 E P I C O E N E : Or,

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my Verses again, Servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall.

Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

S C E N E IV.

*Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw,
Epicænes.*

Cle. Where hast thou been, in the name of Mad-
ness! thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your
Senses with Gladness, had you been in Ear-reach of it.
Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid
the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Un-
cle, and have broke the Match.

Daw. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou should'st hope otherwise.
I should repent me: This Horn got me Entrance; kiss
it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to
be a Post; but when I got in once, I prov'd none,
but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Post, or
a Stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him
the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miseries of Mar-
riage. If ever *Gorgon* were seen in the shape of a Wo-
man, he hath seen her in my Description. I have put
him off o' that Scent for ever. Why do you not ap-
plaud and adore me, Sirs? Why stand you mute? Are
you stupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Daw. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit somewhere
else.

Tru. Why so?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate
rash, weak thing that ever Man did to his Friend.

Daw. Friend! If the most malicious Enemy I have
had studied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not
be a greater.

Tru.
to you

Daw.

Cle.

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Tru.

The SILENT WOMAN. 27

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-sake? Gentlemen, come to your selves again.

Dau. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cle. Would my Lips had been solder'd when I spake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Masters do not put on this strange Face to pay my Courtesie: off with this Vizor. Have good Turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four Months, you have blasted in a Minute: Now I am lost, I may speak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profest this obstinate Silence for my sake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the Requital of such a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch possessest you! You never did absurd Part i' your Life, nor a greater Trespass to Friendship or Humanity.

Dau. Faith you may forgive it best; 'twas your Cause principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd*? what News?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this Morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatening him from Marriage——

Dau. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your Procurement; therefore he will see the Party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to day, instantly, and not defer it a Minute longer.

28 E P I C O E N E: Or,

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay, sweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou ascribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

True. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in Nature fall out so: My *Genius* is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou strange Justifier of thy self, to be wiser than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it, as well as the Stars themselves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Discourse, while I send her away with Instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your Favour.

Cle. Master *True-wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw's* Madrigals,

Tru. *Jack Daw*, God save you; when saw you *La. Foole*?

Daw. Not since last Night, Master *True-wit*.

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Guests.

Tru. God so! 'tis true, What a false Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horse, rid into

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a Foam, with posting from place to place, and Person to Person, to give 'em the *Cue* ———

Cle. Left they should forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muster to shew Men, than he, at this Meal, to shew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feast, Sir.

Cle. What? do you say so, Sir *John*?

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the best Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Mistress, to hear and applaud him? Is she gone?

Daw. Is Mistress *Epicæne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore! with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifest Injury, a Disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a Festival-time as this, being a Bravery, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll swallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to esteem any thing a Disgrace, is offer'd him from a Mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does she refuse me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it so to heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True-wit*, you were to blame to put it into his Head, that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Not to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louse: I wou'd roll my self up for this day in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done : He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen ?

Cle. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John*.

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever such a two Yards of Knight-hood measur'd out by Time, to be sold to Laughter ?

Tru. A meer talking Mole ! hang him : No Mushroom was ever so fresh. A Fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him : but first, let's go to *Daphine*, he's hovering about the House, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

S C E N E V.

Morose, Epicæne, Cutberd, Mute,

Mor. Welcome *Cutberd* ; draw near with your fair Charge : and in her Ear, softly intreat her to unmask (—) So. Is the Door shut ? (—) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the same Discipline I use to my Family, I will question you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the Place and Person of a Wife ? Answer me not but with your Leg, unless it be otherwise : (—) Very well done, *Cutberd*. I conceive besides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Consequence of Marriage. (—) This I conceive, *Cutberd*. Answer me not but with your Leg, unless it be

He goes about her, and views her.

otherwise. (—) Very well done, *Cutberd*. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her Condition, and Aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a special good Favour ; a sweet Com-

position,

position, or Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the true height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour seem rude, though *She curtsies.* unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. (——) Nay, Lady, you may speak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the sweet Voice of a fair Lady has the just length of mine Ears. I beseech you, say Lady, out of the first fire of meeting Eyes (they say) Love is stricken: Do you feel any such Motion suddenly shot into you, from any Part you see in *Curtsies* me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, these Answers by silent Curtsies from, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and she that shall be my Wife, must be accomplish'd with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you speak, Lady?

Epi. Judge you, Forsooth. [*She speaks softly.*]

Mor. What say you, Lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softness! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin these by Doctrine and Industry, refer your self to the search of my Judgment, and (not taking pleasure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefest Pleasure) think it plausible to answer me by silent Gestures, so long as *Curtsies.* my Speeches jump right with what you conceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this Felicity have lasting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine Ears banquetted with pleasant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuse for my Bed-pheere. The Ladies in Court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a

Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Discourse is set on foot, minister as good Matter to continue it, as himself: and do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much Circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in your self with Silence, and rather trust your Graces to the fair Conscience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, Lady? Good Lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladness. O *Murose!* thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou maist contain thy self. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost Touch and Test of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse for my Heifer, to be the first and principal in all Fashions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Lineners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon *French* Inteligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or finer than she, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) Instructions, for that Bodices, these Sleeves, those Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, those Knots, that Ruff, those Roses, this Girdle, that Fan, the t'other Scarf, these Gloves? Ha! what say you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you rise a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wisdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine Lips the Seal of being mine. *Cutberd*, I give thee the Lease of thy House free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (—) I know what thou would'st say, she's poor, and her

Friends

Friends deceased; she has brought a wealthy Dowry in
her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in respect of her Poverty,
Cutberd. I shall have her more loving and obedient,
Cutberd. Go thy ways, and get me a Minister present-
ly, with a soft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him
he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away :
softly, *Cutberd*. Sirrah, conduct your Mistress into
the Dining-room, your now Mistress. O my Felicity!
How shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent Kinsman,
and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night
will get an Heir, and thrust him out of my Blood,
like a Stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and
thought by that means to reign over me, his Title must
be it : No, Kinsman, I will now make you bring me
the tenth Lords, and the sixteenth Ladies Letter, Kins-
man; and it shall do you no good, Kinsman. Your
Knighthood it self shall come on its Knees, and it shall
be rejected; it shall be sued for its Fees to Execution,
and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the Twelve-
penny Ordinary, it Knighthood for its Diet all the
term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the
hostess; or it Knighthood shall do worse, take Sanctu-
ry in *Coleharbour*, and fast. It shall fright all its
friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the
purse hath brought it Knighthood ten Shillings,
Knighthood shall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at
the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have
money to discharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite
the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new,
that should be, to trust it Knighthood. It shall be the
ninth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity
of Pipkins and Stone-Jugs; and the part thereof shall
not furnish it Knighthood forth for the attempting of a
Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It shall give
Knighthoods Name for a Stallion, to all Gamesome
Citizens Wives, and be refus'd, when the Master of a
Dancing-School, or (*How* do you call him) the worst
Dance-master in the Town is taken: It shall want Clothes,
and by reason of that, Wit, to fool Lawyers. It
shall not have hope to repair it self by *Constanti-*

noble, Ireland, or Virginia; but the best and last Fortune to it Knighthood shall be, to make *Dol Tear-sheet*, or *Kate-Common* a Lady, and so it Knighthood may eat.

S C E N E VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

Tru. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I staid in the Shop ever since.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end. I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to stay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a very good Sign, *Dauphine*.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*, succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past Imagination, Sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well: *Salta senex*, as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Lease of my House too! and I am now going for a silent Minister to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the silenc'd Ministers; a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: When 'tis done and finish'd, I am for you for any Device of Vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my Dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jest to Posterity, Sirs, these days Mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beshrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To translate all *La-Fool's* Company, and the Feast thither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

For- *Tru.* I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-
sheet, guests thither, and then the Meat must follow.

may *Cle.* For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an
excellent Comedy of Affliction, so many several
Noises.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already,
think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the College-honours: one
of their Faces has not the Priming-Colour laid on yet,
nor the other her Smock sleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a
feast.

Tru. Best go see, and assure our selves.

Cle. Who knows the House?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know Tom
utter!

Cle. No: For God's sake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw*
La-Fool, if not transcendent; and does *Latin* it as
much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls
her Princess, and at such times as these follows her up
and down the House like a Page, with his Hat off,
rarely for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this instant
he is marshalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horse.

Dau. What be those, in the Name of *Sphinx*?

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the
ear-garden in his time; and from that subtle Sport
has tane the witty Denomination of his chief carow-
ing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear,
another his Horse. And then he has his lesser Glasses,
that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and several De-
grees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any
entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and
set o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's Love! we should miss this, if we
could not go.

Tru.

36 E P I C O E N E: Or,

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her back; and to her Face —

Dau. No more of him. Let's go see him, I Petition you.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Otter, Mrs. Otter, True-wit, Clerimont Dauphine.

NA Y, good Princess, hear me *pauca Verba*.

Mrs. Ott. By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not Civil the sooner. I'll send you to Kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your Bull, Bear and Horse? Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the House, but you make it a *Shrove-tuesday*! I would have you get your *Whit-fontide-Velvet-Cap*, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, Princess, neither; but, under correction, sweet Princess, gi' me leave — These things I am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. *Tom Otter's Bull, Bear, and Horse*, is known all over *England*, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden*, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beast, or a Bull, to mix in Society with great Ladies? Think i' your Discretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horse then, good Princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the Horse; they Love to be well Hors'd I know I: Love it my self.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horse, this *Poetarum Pegasus*. Under correction, Princess, *Jupiter* did turn himself into a — *Taurus*, or Bull, under correction, good Princess.

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Mrs. Ott. By Integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side, I'll commit you to the Master of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Must my House or my Roof be polluted with the scent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Instrument, when I married you? That I would be Princess, and reign in mine own House; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your Gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horse-meat and Mans-meat? Your three Sutes of Apparel a Year? Your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worsted? Your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis mar'le you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Personages, to speak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your House? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a Lord or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Easter* or *Whitson* Holy-days? and then out at the Banqueting-house Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.)

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasie Buff-Doubler, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some o' the Gallants! Go to, behave your self distinctly, and with good Morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your Exhibition.

SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. Otter, Cap. Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutberd.

By your leave, fair Mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. I shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, 'Sir.
 Tru. How does my noble Captain? Is the Bull,
 Bear, and Horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *Sic visum superis*.

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do.
 Go your ways in, and get Tosts and Butter made for
 the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow
 married to!

Tru. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get
 him loose.

Dau. Dares he ever speak?

Tru. No *Anabaptist* ever rail'd with the like Licence:
 but mark her Language in the mean time, I beseech
 you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My
 Cousin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir John Daw
 here to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Mr. *True-wit*. Here
 was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that de-
 manded my Subject for some body, a Gentleman, I
 think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve
 you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phrase this Lady
 expresses in!

Tru. O, Sir! she is the only authentical Courtier,
 that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust,
 Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the Court governs it so,
 Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the Servant of the Court and
 Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*? Any Cross?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the Hinges, all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a Curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daw. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can scarce be heard six Inches off; as if he spoke out of a Bulrush that were not pickt, or his Throat were full of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your Vexation.

Daw. Gramercy, honest *Cutberd*; be thereabouts with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll send *Daw* to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Daw. Yes, Lady, there is some unfortunate Business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd by the Physiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream last Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayorefs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to see some *China* Stuffs; and she expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It stain'd me a Damask Table-cloth, cost me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I stood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure's* Chamber, in the College, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Masque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax-candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it dash'd me a new Sute all over (a *Crimsen* Satten

Doublet,

Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewers Horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my Chamber a Leash of Days for the anguish of it.

Dau. These were dire Mischances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the House farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour, Lady: But we stay to speak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We shall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, Sir. It is my Cousin Sir *Amorous* his Feast —

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your Servant, Sir.

S C E N E III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that she was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistress so acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her Injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your presence to day — She is to be married to a very good Fortune, she says, his Uncle old *Morose*; and she will'd me in private to tell

tell you, that she shall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John*! ask Sir *Dauphine*.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cle. I assure you, Sir *John*, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cle. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feast to honour her Bridal day, and made you the Property to invite the College Ladies, and promise to bring her; and then at the time, she would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor*. Whereas now, Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that you shall bring all the Ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a Dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a savor i' the Man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then presently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your Mistress? Sir *Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcome, and honest Master *Clerimont*. Where's my Cousin? did you see no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Daw. 'Collegiats! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you speak so kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you such an affront.

La-F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cle.

Cle. Why Sir, his Mistress is married to Day to Sir *Dauphine's* Uncle, your Cousin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to frustrate your Provision, and stick a Disgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have intic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think,

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Dru. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, most maliciously and treacherously: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him i' faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheasants, and your Godwits, and your best Meat, and dish it in Silver Dishes of your Cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the Way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o'the Board, and bid 'em welcom to't which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his Preparation utterly: and for your Cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Guest her self, sit rank'd with the College Honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done that's resolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be Guests, and Meat now, how shall we do for Musick?

Cle. The smell of the Venison, going thro' the Street, will invite one noise of Fiddlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith there is hope, they have Intelligence of Feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the *London Cooks*, 'Tis twenty to one but have 'em,

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Dau. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my Uncle, and an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expostulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* says) and you may take their Understandings in a Purfenet. They'll believe themselves to be just such Men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their Senses, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you persuaded your Cousin?

[*He enters like a Sewer.*]

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the *La-Fooles* shall be disgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your Enemies Practises to Powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own Train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give Fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princess says you shall have all her Silver Dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your self too, Captain *Otter*.

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my Cousin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be suitors to my Princess, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horse.

Cle. That you shall do, Captain *Otter*.

La-F. My Cousin will never consent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She must consent, Sir *Amorous*, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, she must hear Argument. Did not *Pasiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Calisto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a star, Mistris *Ursula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott.

Ott. O God! that I could ha' said as much! I will have these Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphosi.*

Dau. Where is your Princess, Captain? pray' be our Leader.

Ott. That I shall, Sir.

Cle. Make haste, good Sir *Amorous.*

SCENE IV.

Morose, Epicæne, Parson, Cutberd.

Mor. Sir, there's an Angel for your self, and a brace of Angels for your Cold. Muse not at this manage of my Bounty. It is fit we should thank Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your Imperfection, but my Solace.

[The Person speaks has having a Cold.]

Par. I thank your Worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutberd?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, Sir, whensoever your Worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this Cold with sitting up late, and singing Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worship, and give you much Joy with your fair Spouse. (Umph, umph.)

[He coughs.]

Mor. O, O, stay Cutberd! let him give me Five Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to reward Benefits, so it is equity to mulct Injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, Sir.

Par. (Umph, umph, umph.)

[Again.]

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his Mouth, away, I forgive it—

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The SILENT WOMAN.

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Epi. Fye, Master *Morose*, that you will use this violence to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding (as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outrage on a Water-man, or any more boistrous Creature, much less on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I, Sir, Why, did you think you had married a Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets, with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or some Innocent out of the Hospital, that would stand with her Hands thus, and a Plaise-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodesty! a manifest Woman! what *Cutberd*.

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the Modesty I had, when I writ simply Maid, but I hope I shall make it a Stock still competent to the Estate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impostor, *Cutberd*?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him. I'll have none of this coasted, unnatural dumbness in my House, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Penthesilea*, a *Semiramis*, sold my Liberty to a Distaff,

SCENE V.

True-wit, Morose, Epicæne.

Tru. Where's Master *Morose*?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

Tru. I wish you all joy, Mistress *Epicæne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Master *True-wit*, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God save you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Messenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many Friends to the celebration of this good Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your Resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the Voice of a Nightcrow) would yet go on, and be your self. It shews you are a Man constant to your own Ends, and upright to your Purposes, that would not be put off with Left-handed Cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the Knowledge of so much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the secrecy of it to a Barber, that less than the whole Town should know it? you might as well ha' told the Conduit, or the Bake-house, or the Infant'ry that follow the Court, and with more security. Could you Gravity so old and noted a Remnant, as, *lippis & soribus notum*? Well Sir, forgive it your self now, the Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Here will be three or four fashionable Ladies from the College to visit you presently, and their Train of Minions and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are my Eaters? my Mouths now? bar up my Doors, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that stirs to such an office. Let 'em stand open. I would see him that dares move his Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *barricado* made against my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleasure they can bring in to me with honourable Visitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, she speaks but reason and me-thinks is more continent than you. Would you go to Bed so presently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man of your Head and Hair, should owe more to that Rev

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rend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but stay the due Season; and ascend it then with Religion and Fear. Those delights are to be steep'd in the Humour, and silence of the Night? and give the day to other open Pleasures, and Jollities of Feasting, of Musick, of Revels, of Discourse: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you indure the first half Hour, Sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort, or hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her self hereafter, in the consideration of so many Years as are to come——

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir,

Mor. That cursed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a cursed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague——

Tru. (All *Ægypt's* ten Plagues)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a Curse or two more I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with seeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Man's Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning some Male-bawds Lock, he may have his Brain beat out with the Curling-iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop so lousie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would swallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Frost underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to see Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Scissars rust, and his Combs mould in their Cases.

Tru.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he lose the Invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Bawd Carted that Year, to employ a Bason of his: but let him be glad to eat his Sponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of Bread——

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir, I'll help you. Or, draw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Tread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make, make Meal o' the Mill-stones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the Cure of 'em in himself, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his Linnen into a Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the Gout in his Hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that last was too high set! you might go less with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to New-paint his Pole——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my self.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb-maker——

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glafs in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but Chimney-Sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Rasor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Daw, Morose, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Trusty.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O, the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I shall be o'erwhelm'd with noise. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Earthquake in my self for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Mistress.

Mor. Has she Servants too!

Daw. I have brought some Ladies here to see and know you. My Lady *Haugh-* *She kisses them*
ty, this my Lady *Centaure*, Mistress *Dol* *severally as he*
Mavis, Mistress *Trusty* my Lady *Haugh-* *presents them.*
ty's Woman. Where's your Husband?
let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' she have such Servants.

Tru. Nay, Sir, you must kiss the Ladies, you must not go away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Master *Morose*, would you steal a Marriage thus, in the midst of so many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my Quarrel: you shall give me leave, Mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your Husband.

Epi. Your Ladyship do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your Favour: as, 'you have done both him and me Grace, to visit so unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement?

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, *Mist'ris Morose*; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress'd.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her Tongue since she was married, *Master True-wit* says.

Hau. O, *Master True-wit*! 'save you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? she speaks me-thinks!

Tru. Yes Madam, believe it, she is a Gentlewoman of very absolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jack Daw* told us, she could not speak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Follow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a Woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with *Daw* ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himself the Master-wit, is the Master-Fool. I assure your Ladyship ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the College: an' she have Wit, she shall be one of us! shall she not, *Centaure*? we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, Madam, and *Mavis*; and she will set up a side.

Tru. Believe it, Madam, and *Mist'ris Mavis*, she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your Ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his Disease, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or ———

Hau.

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Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure*, help me. Master Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Hau. We see no Ensigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your Bride's Colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyship's Painter I would.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, M. *Morose*, a Jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong Meats and Wine of it; been a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night-cap: (as we may say) and you to offend in such a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you lost to day (if you had but regarded your Profit,) what Gifts, what Friends, thro' your meer rusticity?

Mor. Madam ———

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I must insinuate your Errours to you, No Gloves? no Garters? no Skarves? no *Epithalamium*? no Masque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promise my Mistress, I have begun it already: will your Ladyship hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw*.

Mor. Will it please your Ladyship command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you shall have your choice of Rooms to retire after: my whole House is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyship's Errand, into the City at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I shall be loth to break any honourable Custom of your Ladyship's. And therefore, good Madam ———

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed.

52 E P I C O E N E : Or,

Tru. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one side of the Island to the other. Do not mistake me, Sir, I but speak this to give the Ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Bravo*, Ladies ?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take *Mistress Bride* in, and begin to you in a very sap Cup; do you see? Go too, know your Friends, and such as love you.

S C E N E VII.

Clerimont, Morose, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Mistress Otter, &c.

Cle. By your leave, Ladies. Do you want any Musick? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, Sirs, all of you. [Musick of Sorts.]

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me! This day I shall be their Anvile to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Rosin, and Guts. I can give you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, Rascals. You see who's your Friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with Patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would suffer Heroically. Should an Ass exceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirmary with your hanging dull Ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight-ferwer before it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. Otter, your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it.

[La-Foole passes over sewing the Meat.]

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? Hide me, hide me. *Tru.*

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Tru. I warrant you, Sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Guests in. No, Mistress Bride, will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is so shame-fac'd, here ———

Epi. Will it please your Ladyship, Madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your Company, Mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Mistress.

Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis*?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

M. Ot. 'Tis my Place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistress *Otter*.

M. Ot. Why, I am a Collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. Ot. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within.

Cle. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, what News?

Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horse, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum Gentlemen.

[*The Drum and Trumpets Sound.*]

Mor. O, O, O.

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons* i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. **W**AS there ever poor Bridegroom so tormented? or Man indeed?

Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Cronicles* of the Land.

C

Tru.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of rest, after all this Purgatory.

Cle. He may presume it, I think.

Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neefing, the Farting, Dancing, noise of the Musick, and her masculine and loud Commanding, and urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And she carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how soberly *Dauphine* labours to satisfie him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine*?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the Jest else. He has got on his whole nest of Night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top o' the House, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a Crany, and saw him sitting over a cross Beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadler's Horse in *Fleet-street*, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the College-Grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cle. Me-thinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to day, for all my dispraise of her i' the Morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, *True-wit*.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their Features, with dressings. And an intelligent Woman, if she know by her self the least defect, will be most curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shooe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and scald Nails, let her carve the less,
and

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and act in Gloves. If a fowre Breath let her never discourse fasting; and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cle. O, you shall have some Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and —

Tru. I, and others, that will stalk i' their Gate like an *Estrich*, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the Feet, and number i' the Voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the Face.

Dau. How cam'st thou to study these Creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feasts, to Plays, and Church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new Tyres too, to see, and to be seen. In these Places a Man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his Judgment. A Wench to please a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer.

Tru. Out Heretick. That difference makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cle. He says true to you, *Dauphine*.

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man should not doubt to overcome any Woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for tho' they deny, their desire is to be tempted. *Penelope* her self cannot hold out long. *Ostend*, you saw, was taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would sollicite us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their Hearts we should sollicite them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never

want Eloquence or Trust : even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rub'd. With Praises you must mix Kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they strive, they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man must beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest Courtesie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is assuredly sad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust her self. You must approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Rascal. If she love Wit, give Verses, tho' you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, tho' you be staunch in fighting. If Activity, be seen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the credit of your Back. If she love good Clothes or Dressing, have your Learned Council about you every Morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, &c. Let your Powder, your Glass, and your Comb be your dearest Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wish the Common-wealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to foolish and hoping Gamesters. Let your Gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Cost. Give Cherries at time of Year, or Apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the Country,

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try, tho' you bought 'em in *Cheapside*. Admire her Tires; like her in all Fashions; compare her in every Habit to some Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if she be a Great one, perform always the Second Parts to her; like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the Household and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and salute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Cost, if you can purchase 'em so) and make her Physician your Pensioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your Gain to make Love to her too, so she follow, not usher her Ladies Pleasure. All Blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkning after these Mysteries. I begin to suspect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in Love in earnest?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be such a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all Women; some one for the Face, and let her please the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her please the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her please the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in Love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would say, thou hadst the best *Philtre* i' the World, and couldst do more than *Madam Medea*, or *Doctor Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I say.

SCENE II.

*Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Morose, True-wit,
La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.*

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I have mist you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To see me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain says we shall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's see your Course then..

La-F. I am afraid my Cousin will be offended if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign when you are ready. Here's my Bull for my self, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horse for Sir *Amorous*. Now set your Foot to mine, and yours to his, and ———

La-F. Pray God my Cousin come not.

Ott. Saint George and Saint *Andrew*! Fear no Cousins. Come, sound, sound. *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well said, Captain, i' faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horse has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods so, off with his Spurs, some body.

La-F. It goes against my Conscience. My Cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high-and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cle. You take no notice of the Business, I hope.

Daw,

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my Cousin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the Horse on his Knees, Sir, *Amorous*; fear no Cousins. *Fasta est alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Daw. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter, is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivillitium*. There's no such thing in Nature. I confess, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundress, a House-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Ass that will be so uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name dulls Appetite. Here, replenish again; another Bout. Wives are nasty fluttish Animals.

Daw. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Master True-wit?

Daw. He's slipt aside, Sir.

Cle. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the Bear, Cousin, and Sir John Daw the Horse, and I'll ha' the Bull still. Sound Tritons O' the Thames. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero* —

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Morose speaks from above, the Trumpets sounding.

Cle,

60 E P I C O E N E: Or,

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we shall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a scurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid Bear-whelp, without any good Fashion or Breeding; *mala bestia*.

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*]

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox — I married with Six Thousand Pound,
I. I was in Love with that. I ha' not kist my Fury these Forty Weeks,

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She hath a Breath worse than my Grandmothers *Profecto*.

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous Liar. Kifs me, sweet Master *True-wit*, and prove him a slandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And she has a Perruke, that's like a Pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threds.

Mrs. Ott. O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A most vile Face! and yet she spends me Forty Pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-Friers*, both her Eye-brows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Silver-street*. Every part o' the Town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her self asunder still when she goes to Bed, into some twenty Boxes; and about next day Noon is put together again, like a great German Clock; and so comes forth, and Rings a tedious Larum to the whole House, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Quarters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*]

Ott. O, hold, good Princess.

Tru. Sound, sound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel,

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The SILENT WOMAN. 61

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly Bearward, does my Breath smell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princess. Look to my Bear and my Horse, Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, found still.

Ott. No, I protest, under Correction —

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are under Correction, you protest: but you did not protest before Correction, Sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy Princess! I'll make thee an Example —

[Morose descends with a long Sword.]

Mor. I will have no such Examples in my House, Lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah —

Mor. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, Stentors, out of my Doors, your Sons of Noise and Tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the Gally-foist is afloat to Westminster! A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows asunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princess, and speak to the Great Ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal she has taken. Did you not see my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a Course i' faith, for all these Disasters. There is *bona spes* left,

Tru.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unless we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicæne, True-wit, Clerimont.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. Mavis, I was chastising my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Mistris, you must do so too. Learn to chastise. Mistris Otter corrects her Husband so, he dares not speak, but under Correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature Counsel; practise it, *Morose*. I'll call you *Morose* still now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*, we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the College, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horses, your Woman, your Chamber-maid, your Page, your Gentleman-Usher, your French Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China Houses*, and to the *Exchange*.

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her self, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, she has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi.

Epi. But, Ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces?

Hau. Why not? Why should Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer, or the worse?

Dau. Is the *Thames* the less for the Dyers Water, Mistris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well said, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Losses Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, Ladies should be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Use. The best of our Days pass first.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be call'd back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forsaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours?

Hau. Not one.

Dau. Nay, my Mistris is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'em again, Servant. And have you those excellent Receipts, Madam, to keep your selves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Morose*: How should we maintain our Youth and Beauty else? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

SCENE IV.

Morose, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicæne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs Otter, Trusty.

Mor. O my cursed Angel, that instructed me to this Fate

I

Dau.

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a Devil as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have partaken your Counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a Minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an Eye (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you should geld your self, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supererogatory Penance in a Belfry at *Westminster-hall*, i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower-wharf*, (what Place is there else?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-Garden*, *Bilings-gate*, when the Noises are at their height, and lowdest. Nay, I would fit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Tar-get!

Dau. I hope there shall be no such need, Sir. Take Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, Nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I told you so, Sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those Wounds, Master *Truewit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect of it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary Question? As if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, Empress, Empress.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has distemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous Impertinences! Would not one of these have serv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of these have serv'd?

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Tru. Yes, Sir; but these are but Notes of Female Kindness, Sir; certain Tokens that she has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't so? Come, and be no otherwise —
What say you?

Epi. How do you feel your self, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconscionable Terms; her Silence —

Epi. They say you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for Love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? Who's his Physician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body best, that I might send for him? Good Sir, speak; I'll send for one of my Doctors else.

Mor. What, to Poison me, that I might die Intestate, and leave you possesst of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes sparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you see what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, Counsel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelsus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I to marry a distracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Mistress —

Tru. How rarely she holds it up!

Mor. What means you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Disease in Greek is called *Μανία*, in Latin, *Insania*, *Furor*, *vel Ecstasis Melancholica*, that is, *Egref-sio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Mistress; and *Phreneticus* is only *Delirium*, or so.

Epi.

66 E P I C O E N E: Or,

Epi. I, that is for the Disease, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are sur e enough of the Disease.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her Peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to stop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Morose*, you must talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philosophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philosophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beasts call'd *Done's* Philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Disease.

Cle. Why, you discommend them too, to day, Sir *John*.

Daw. I, in some Cases; but in these they are best, and *Aristotle's Ethicks*.

Mav. Say you so, Sir *John*? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's *Trusty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exercise, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit*.

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau.

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Daw.

Hau. I, it's very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My Lady call'd for you, Mistress Trusty: you must decide a Controversie.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your Father, or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve*?

Truf. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve*.

Tru. Then it was the *Sick Woman's Salve*.

Truf. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit*. But there was other Means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk asleep still; and so they were prescrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Physician, thrice a Week——

Epi. To sleep?

Truf. Yes, forsooth: and every Night they read themselves asleep on those Books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason, I would I knew where to procure those Books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Mistress Morose, the *Groats-worth of Wit*.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir *Amorous*: Can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, Sir; that must be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Laudanum*, or *Opium*?

Tru. Why, Sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you know that, Sir; never ceases all Night.

Tru. And snores like a *Porcupisce*.

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Causes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru.

Tru. Some Divine must resolve you in that, Sir, or Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cle. By my Faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugenie*.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight—

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purse, Madam—

Daw. He is ready to cry all this Day.

La-F. A very Shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other Night at *Primero*.

Tru. How these Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter's* Wine has swell'd their Humours above a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Morose*, let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have him as silent as Signs, and their Posts too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Discourse of *Dauphine* within; but praise him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou can'st; (I have some purpose in't) and but beat off these two Rooks, *Jack Daw* and his Fellow, with any Discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the Soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an Idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru.

Tru. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently.

Cle. What a Cast of Castrils are these, to Hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and strike at such an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cle. O Sir, you are welcom.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' Doors in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Casuiſt* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, an' thou had'st been here! the Ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons answer'd, Yes, and said, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didst live upon Posts, and hadst nothing but three Suits of Apparel, and some few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and swagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madams Bed-posts, and have 'em bated with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy Hand, *Dauphine*. I have an Execution to serve upon 'em, I warrant thee shall serve; trust my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in Love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do not yet afore Night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to search for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit,

Cle.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witness; thou shalt have it, *Dauphine*: Thou shalt be his Fool for ever, if thou dost not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Estate. Do you observe this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act such a *Tragicomedy* between the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole* — which of 'em comes out first, will I seise on: (You two shall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and speak.) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once — I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack-Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this Matter go no further between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you disguise it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you shall make use of your Philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, tho' there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated me I will see no Blood shed at her Bridal; you saw her whisper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru. And your Scholarship too?

Daw. And my Scholarship too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that Visor. I saw him since
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Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Losses, with Deaths, and with Abuses; but so offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never see or read of. For taking away his Guests, Sir, to day, that's the Cause; and he declares it behind your back with such Threatnings and Contempts — He said to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'st Ass —

Daw. I, he may say his Pleasure.

Tru. And swears, you are so protested a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single Right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir — but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirsts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows, but himself?

Daw. I pray you, Master *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your self then in this Study 'till I return. Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own Reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a Publick Disgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods so, here he comes; keep your Breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: You are arm'd as if you sought a Revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler so high, but he would speak to his Friends, he would hear Reason.

He puts him up.

Jack Daw, Jack! asleep?

Daw. Is he gone, Master *True-wit*?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tru. Arm'd? Did you ever see a Fellow set out to take Possession?

Daw.

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false Brother i' the House has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out o' the House, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinswoman.

Tru. He has got some bodies old two-hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword have spawn'd such a Dagger! — But then he is so hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muskets, that he looks like a Justice of Peace's Hall: A Man of Two Thousand a Year is not sels'd at so many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer challeng'd at so many several Foils. You would think he meant to murder all *St. Pulchres* Parish. If he could but Victual himself for half a Year in his Breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you Master *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be pleas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals*.

Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a Thumb, or a Little-finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good Sir, do.

[*He puts him up again,*

Cle. What hast thou done?

and then came forth.

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his left Arm.

Cle. His left Wing, for a *Jack Daw*.

Daw. Take it, by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jest? What a Conscience hast thou?

Daw. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no Reputation with us; for

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Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*!

La-F. Master *True-wit*.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make Water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you shall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Question till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. *Daw* it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some Hope to atone you; but he seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my self.

Tru. Do, good Sir, But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some Jest upon him afore the Ladies—

La-F. Not I, never in my Life, broke Jest upon any Man. The Bride was praising Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in snuff, and followed him; unless he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Horse full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, through every Room o' the House, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole*? Who saw *La-*

D

Foole?

Foole? And when *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cause we can force no Answer from him, but (O Revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this Towel) Which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cause of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his Anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Resolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country presently.

Tru. How will you go out o' the House, Sir? He knows you are i' the House, and he'll watch you this se'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must think how to victual your self in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet Master *True-wit*, will you entreat my Cousin *Otter* to send me a cold Venison Pastty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-Pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not advise you to sleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another Fear——

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot sure.

La-F. I'll set my Back against it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Batttry against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows:
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perhaps blow up the Corner o' the House where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I protest, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: What will you do? Before God you shall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my Word? I never knew one but would be satisfied. Sir *Amorous*, there's no standing out: He has made a *Petard* of an old Brass Pot, to force your Door. Think upon some Satisfaction, or Terms, to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll stand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most? *He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine.*

Cle. Yes, but this fears the bravest: The other, a whinilling Dastard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a stout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity these two should ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Catastrophe*?

Tru. Umph? I, by my troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err still; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows, as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's past, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extream Vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every Jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

Tru. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. *Clerimont*, say it was *Dauphine's* Plot. Trust me not, if the whole Drift be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cushion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away — *John Daw.*

Daw. What good News, Sir.

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did consist, *magis patiendò quàm faciendò, magis ferendò quàm feriendò*.

Daw. It doth so indeed, Sir?

Tru. And that you would suffer, I told him: So at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and six o' your Fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas reasonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em.

Tru. But he shall not, Sir, by your leave. The Conclusion is this, Sir: Because you shall be very good Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own Person, he is to come here in Disguise, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you up in that Study during pleasure: Which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He shall ha' six, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot your self, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these Terms, he shall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's six Kicks to a Man that reads *Seneca*.

Daw. I hav' had a hundred, Sir.

Tru,

Tru. Sir *Amorous*. No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old Matters.

[*Dauphine comes forth, and kicks him,*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir *Amorous*, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come give him six, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your safe Custody; you shall presently meet afore the Ladies, and be the dearest Friends one to another — Give me the Scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I should take the Quarrel upon my self. Here he has sent you his Sword —

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a Wall, and break your Head in some few several places against the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat Wall, if that will satisfy him: If not, he shall beat it himself for *Amorous*.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another Condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit your self to be Hood-wink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, Gules, and Tweaks by the Nose, *sans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; because if he should grow Insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do)

you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your Knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should——Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John*.

[*Dauphine enters to tweak him.*]

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Nose off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s pleasure, you should retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends, All Bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by andby, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of Friendship that can be. I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worship thee. God's will, the Ladies have surpriz'd us.

SCENE VI,

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicæne, Trusty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.

Having discovered part of the past Scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. Ott. So Master *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Morose*, when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? He seems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is so, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Morose*?

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horses.

Hau.

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Hau. No, to-morrow, good *Morose*; *Centaure* shall send you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis*.

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he shews he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, Madam, that have their Faces set in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in form,

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than our selves, and profess more Neatness than the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a Thousand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine's* Carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for such a Nose!

Mav. Or such a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look!

Cen. Good *Morose*, bring him to my Chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your Honours to meet at my House, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Master *True-wit*.

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine's* ingine; who, if you have disturnish'd your Ladyship of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God so, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beside the Discovery of two such empty Caskers) to gain the Knowledge of so rich a Mine of Vertue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. We would be all glad to stile him of our Friendship, and see him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter Society, I'll prophesie; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daw. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their Actions are govern'd by crude Opinion, without Reason or Cause; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination fways 'em generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it now thou hast 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Morose*?

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Gen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine's* Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends, *Pylades* and *Orestes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, Master *True-wit*?

Daw. I; but noble Ladies, do not confess in your Countenance, or outward Bearing to 'em, any discovery of their Follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what Assurance and Erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Gen. *Mav.* Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw.*

Daw. What say you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no Anger! your Looks to your Adversary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw*! where ha'you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in Peace, Man.

Daw. Where's ybur Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle.

The SILENT-WOMAN. 81

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuses meet.

Cle. What a consent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is so i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

SCENE VII.

Morose, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make these naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*]

Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to been Murder since you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your House had been begg'd by this time else——

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-slaughter, Sir, as being Accessory.

Mor. And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not present. *Clerimont*, carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you spoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is such a noise i' the Court, that they have frightened me home with more Violence than I went! Such speaking, and counter-speaking, with their several Voices of *Citations, Appellations, Allegations, Certificates, Attachments, Interrogatories, References, Convictions* and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noise here is Silence too't! a kind of calm Midnight!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that shall inquire into every least Scruple for you.

D. 5

Mor.

Mor. Can you, Master *True-wit*?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober grave Persons, that will dispatch in a Chamber, with a Whisperm or two.

Mor. Good Sir, shall I hope this Benefit from you, and trust my self into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been ashamed, and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your self up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and deserve no Delusion.——

Tru. You shall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit*?

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daw. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest Divine, and gravest Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou canst not, Man; these are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a Civil Gown with the Welt o' the one, and a Canonical Cloke with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' the Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my Election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profession, since they are but Persons put on, and for Mirths sake, to torment him. The Barber smatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then if I make 'em not wrangle out this Case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worse. Go you to your Ladies, but first send for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. **W**Here had you our Swords, Master *Clerimont*?

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Mad-man.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Master *Clerimont*. Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you so, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to translate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Instruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks*: his Square, his Compasses, his Brass Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Person where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Persons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Mistress, Mistress *Epicæne*.

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where e'er you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cle.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do withal ——— But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions ———

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I protest, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Person.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Person, and the Discourse too.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Discourse ——— and then you have Activity beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir *John*, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit: and lift as many Joyn'd Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would use it ———

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Commonwealth of Ladies Affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange Stories, my Masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have somewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have ——— Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and ———

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the pleasure of Hearing, when you have had the delight of Tasting.

Daw. Why ——— a ——— do you speak, Sir *Amorous*?

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw*.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been ———

La-F. In the great Bed at Ware together in our time. On, Sir *John*.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous*.

Cle. And these Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, Sir.

Daw. We must not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter ——— they were these, or others. Our Bath cost us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle.

The SILENT WOMAN. 85

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John*? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the same House with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversest with her hourly, Sir.

Cle. And what Humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Sir; we must not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore speak plainly: How many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Dost thou, i' faith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows *Don* Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak softly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty*: He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I assure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the Price and Estimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: Nor can I repent me of the Act, since it is always an Argument of some Vertue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daw.

Dau. Your Ladyship sets too high a Price on my Weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish Gems from Pebbles —

Dau. (Are you so skilful in Stones?)

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a Judgment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis* —

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty*?

Hau. I come presently, *Centaure*. My Chamber, Sir, my Page shall shew you; and *Trusty*, my Woman, shall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a *Fidelia*. I pray you wear this Jewel for my sake, Sir *Dauphine*. Where's *Mavis*, *Centaure*?

Cen. Within, Madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently: I'll but speak a word with Sir *Dauphine*.

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not trust *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do besides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, she is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uses; and for her Uses she loves all. Besides, her Physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and she's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worse Face than she! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' these Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Mavis*?

Mav. Within, *Centaure*.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you shall not see it i' faith, *Centaure*.) Good Sir *Dauphine*, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine*? how dost thou quit thy self of these Females?

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like Fairies, and give me Jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em,

Cle. O, you must not tell tho'.

Dau. Mafs, I forgot that : I was never so assaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this : Another loves me with Caution, and so would possess me : A third brings me a Riddle here : And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me see't.

[*He reads the Paper.*]

Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear at any end of so noble a Work, I would enter into a fame of taking Physick to Morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Visitation. MAVIS.

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for somewhat else too: His *Knights Reformadoes* are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jest.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confels'd such Stories of themselves. I would not give a Flies Leg in balance against all the Womens Reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* against her directly——

Dau. What, they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumstances, with the Cause why, and the Place where. 'I had almost brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to Day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a sooth or two or more I had effected it. They would ha' set it down under their Hands.

Dau.

88 E P I C O E N E : Or,

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I see, still whether we will or no.

S C E N E III.

True-wit, Morose, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle presently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canonist, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou shalt keep one Docr, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the Women (as I have given the Bride her Instructions) to break in upon him i' the *l'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, look to your Parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are safe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your Garments, tho' you lose your selves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Mor. Are these the two Learned Men.

Tru. Yes, Sir; please you salute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time so unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how these common Forms, as *God save you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives! or, *I am glad to see you*! When I cannot see what the Profit can be of these Words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose Affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, I have

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have acquainted you sufficiently with the Business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your selves in the State of the Question, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Resolution, and therefore when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, Master Doctor.

Cut. Please you, good Master Parson.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumstances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my Peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your Disputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my Mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the Carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: In short, that I should endear my self to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the Cause of Noise, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very House turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Master Doctor, will you break the Ice? Master Parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume

Ott. 'Tis no Presumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Question is, For how many Causes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce.
First,

38 E P I C O E N E: Or,

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I see, still whether we will or no.

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Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Question is, For how many Causes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce.
First,

First, you must understand the Nature of the word Divorce, a *divertendo* —

Mor. No excursions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, The Canon-Law affords Divorce but in few Cases; and the Principal is in the common Case, the Adulterous Case: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve Impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the Canon-Law; not take away the Bond, but cause a Nullity therein.

Mor. I understood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the Learned Men leave, Sir; To your Impediments, Master Doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are several Species.

Cut. I, as *error personæ*.

Ott. If thou contract your self to one Person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ*.

Ott. If she be a Beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Master Parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no ob-
stancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *Conditio*: If thou thought her free-born, and she prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Estate and Condition.

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Ott. I, but, Master Doctor, those Servitudes are *sublata* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, Master Parson —

Ott. You shall give me leave, Master Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Question; it concerns not my Case: Pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: If either Party have made a Vow of Chastity. But that Practice, as Master Parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Persons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: If you were her God-father, Sir, then the Marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is absurd, and superstitious Master Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Sisters, and as much a Kin in that, as God-fathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controversie, I never was a God-father, I never was a God-father in my life, Sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Case. The sixth *cultus disparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the rest: Shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the rest.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The seventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor.

Mor. No Matter, Master Parson; would she would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust my self too soon into these Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is *inchoata quadam affinitas*.

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, Master Doctor.

Cut. True, *qua oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You say right, venerable Doctor: And, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium dua persona efficiuntur una caro* —

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Master Parson: *Ita per fornicationem aequae est verus pater, qui sic generat* —

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur* —

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis*.

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir. Confess your self but a Man unable, and she will sue to be divorc'd first.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbis perpetuus, & insanabilis*; as *Paralysis, Elephantiasis*, or so —

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, Sir, and as it is in the Canon, Master Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he speaks.

Ott. That a Boy, or Child, under Years, is not fit for Marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes* —

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Tru. Your *impotentes*, your whorson Lobster.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

Tru. *Matrimonium*? We shall have most un-matrimonial Latin with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will arise a Doubt, Master Parson, in our Case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigiditye præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and meerly *apostatical*.

Cut. You shall pardon me, Master Parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Master Doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the Verse of your own Canon say, *Hæ socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant*——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Master Parson?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. In *aternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's false in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in Humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *prestare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalescere*?

Ott. He cannot *convalescere*, it is impossible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum*, odio *uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Dau. (They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me escape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeste frigidus*, Sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——

Ott. Why, that was my 'Conclusion.

Cut.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Conclusion, Sir.

Ott. Then *frigiditatis causa* —

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis* —

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good *Echo's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confess it —

Cut. Which I would do, Sir —

Mor. I will do any thing —

Ott. And clear my self in *foro conscientia* —

Cut. Because you want indeed —

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi potestate.*

SCENE IV.

Epicœne, Morose, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you help me. This is such a Wrong as never was offer'd to poor Bride before: upon her Marriage-day to have her Husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms sake, to perswade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not suffer such Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife —

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of Doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket them i' the Hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our House, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav.

Mav.
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Hau.
Mor.
Daw.
Hau.
Cen.
La-F.
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have him
Daw.
La-F.
Mor.

Mav. I'll ha' the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine's* sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears as good Colours when he lifts.

Tru. Be brief, Sir, and confess your Infirmary; she'll be a fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that nam'd once, you shall not entreat her to stay; she'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your Pardons —

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewoman. —

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmary, which before I conferr'd with these Learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd —

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his Conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give Satisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveness.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reason of *frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the least Office of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it smells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, Ladies, you may have him search'd.

Daw. As the Custom is, by a Jury of Physicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs.

96 E P I C O E N E : Or,

Mrs. Ott. No, let Women search him, Madam; we can do it our selves.

Mor. Out on me, worse!

Epi. No, Ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cle. Why, then, 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the same in *Theology*.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly disheartned; we have yet a small Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Master Parson, you told me in *errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whisper the Bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and a-sham'd.

Ott. Marry Sir, in *errore qualitatis* (which Master Doctor did forbear to urge) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a Maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master *Clerimont*.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Mr. *Clerimont*

Cle. Nay, you must make it good now, Knights; there is no Remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you spoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. Jack Daw, he's worse than Sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten Daws in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confess it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

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The SILENT-WOMAN. 97

Tru. So should you be too, *Jack Daw*: What should keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in disgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will dispatch, Knights; it must be done, i'faith.

Tru. Why, an' it must, it shall, Sir, they say. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your Bride, Sir—

La-F. In good fashion. She was our Mistress, or so.

Cle. Nay, you must be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Question is, if you have *Carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. *Carnaliter*. What else, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain Nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these Knights. Master Parson, let me thank you otherwise.

Cen. And ha' they confes'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You see what Creatures you may bestow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except against 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witnesses in Law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor Gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Morose*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her since *Matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to Day, Master Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to Day.

Cut. Why, then, I say. For any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the Worshipful Bridegroom did precisely, before Witness, demand, if she were *Virgo ante nuptias*.

E

Epi.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, Master Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the Premisses; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Master Doctor's Resolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worst of all worst worsts that Hell could have devis'd! marry a Whore! and so much noise!

Dau. Come, I see now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parson, to abuse a Gentleman. You study his Affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to suspect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despis'd Kinsman, and many a hard Thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now——

Mor. (It cannot be)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any Thing beside. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suitor to you, Uncle, that out of your Estate, which is Fifteen Hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five Hundred during

during Life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by my self and my Friends, tendred you a Writing to Sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now. —

Mor. Thou shalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not presently, and for ever of this Cumber, you shall have Power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your Act, and I will become whose Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will Seal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have some Compassion on me.

Mor, O, my Nephew knows you be like; away, Crocodile.

Cen. He does it not sure without good Ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor, Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and Seal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Restorer. Here I deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with false Orthography, I protest before — I will not take the Advantage.

Dau. Then here is your Release, Sir
He takes off you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's
Epiccene's Son, that I have brought up this half Year,
Perruke. at my great Charges, and for this Composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, Master Doctor? This is *justum Impedimentum*, I hope, *error persona*.

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu*.

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor Cut-berd, and Parson Otter. You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Master True-wit, who enabled 'em for the Business. Now you may go in and rest,

He pulls off
their Beards
in Disguise.

rest, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how soon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Lease good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princess shall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Mistress *Epicoene*.

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing these two to Confession, wear my Part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you see the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and so should the Woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd Persons, and so lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from such Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of Fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lye with their Reputations, and make their Fame suffer. Away, you common Moths of these, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with some new Matter to be laught at; you deserve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphosis*! But here stands she that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of such *insects* hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discover'd any Mysteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a' most) of Years, and will make a good visitant within this Twelve-month. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can speak so well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, rise chearfully, and now *Morose* is gone in, clap your Hands. It may be, that Noise will cure him, at least please him.

T H E E N D.

